





## The Parade of the States

A Patriotic and Money-Making Entertainment

DRAWN BY EDWIN F. BAYHAN

By Charlotte Brewster Jordan

THIS entertainment opens with a march of the various States, Territories and Dependencies of the United States, divided into brigades according to geographical grouping. Under the leadership of a Brigadier-General they march on the stage, waving flags and singing "Flag of the Free." At its close the Brigadier-General steps to the fore and introduces the brigades. Each brigade then comes forward in turn and sings to a familiar tune verses descriptive of its neighborhood and products. After all the brigades have sung, they join in finale in "Columbia," march off the stage during the last stanza, mingle with the audience, and sell the wares peculiar to their States, which they carry in trays suspended from their necks by ribbons. Each State wears in her cap a distinguishing placard printed with the name or nickname of her State.

The parade may be made exceedingly picturesque if the various brigades select some characteristic costume. The miners, Indians and cowboys from the West, the cotton pickers of the South and the foreign element in the Dependencies of the United States suggest interesting treatments of the different sections.

[Entrance March—"Flag of the Free," to the Wedding March from "Lohengrin":

Flag of the free, fairest to see!  
Borne through the streets like the thunder of war,  
With bright and stately light,  
Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.

Emblem of Freedom, hope to the slave,  
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save.

REFRAIN:

While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,  
Union and Liberty! One evermore!  
Flag of the brave, long may it wave,  
Chosen of God while His might we adore,  
In Liberty's van for manhood of man,  
Symbol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.  
Pride of our country, honored afar,  
Scarlet each cloud that would darken a star.

[Song of the Brigadier-General, introducing the Brigades, to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner," all the States joining in the two-line chorus, waving their flags:

Oh, say can you see to the left and the right  
Brigades with the banners which proudly are  
giving forth?  
They stand and their stars which they wave  
with such might  
Are brought from the States and are gallantly  
streaming.  
And the pennants' red glare as they wave in the air  
Give proof that our flag is beloved everywhere.

CHORUS:

Oh, see how our star-spangled banners all wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

In brigades all the States from the North, East  
And the West,  
And the fair, sunny Southland, which many love  
best,  
Are grouped with the wares which their own  
State supplies  
And they offer as bargains to each one who buys.  
Each brigadier will now march straight up to the  
front  
And tell you in song of its States o'er and o'er.

CHORUS:

Oh, see how our star-spangled banners all wave,  
A star for each State, for each State true and  
brave!

[Song of the First Brigade—The New England States: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, To the tune of "The Lord's":

Oh, tell me, New Englanders loyal,  
Where in this wide, wide world  
May be found divisions more royal!  
Than this where our flag is unfurled!  
We've mountains all covered with forests,  
We've quarries of granite and slate;  
We've marble and mica and lumber,  
Maple-sweets in the Green Mountain State.  
Our fisheries, also, are famous;  
Our manufacturers, too;  
We're in the wool and wool output,  
In cotton goods, boot and shoe.  
Our watches, our locks and machinery  
Are noted the whole country o'er;  
For Yankee inventiveness triumphs  
Along our spray-lashed shore.

[Song of Second Brigade—Middle Atlantic States: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Delaware, To the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland":

We are seven important States.  
From out our fruitful valleys  
Great crops are yearly harvested  
Where the sunbeam rallies,  
Gateway of the Continent,"  
And queen of commerce o'er the sea,  
The home since old Colonial days  
Of the brave, the brave and free!

In our mountain ranges high  
Our coal and iron abounding  
Make many workmen's hammers fly  
Through factories resounding.  
Our ships are built to breast the main;  
And rails are made to cross the land,  
And glass is blown and oil is piped,  
And fruit is raised with lavish hand.

[Song of the Third Brigade—South Atlantic State: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, To the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home":

The sun shines bright on the old plantation home,  
On the rice fields and cotton fields so gay;  
The sugarcane's high and the swamp magnolias  
Where the birds make sweet music all the day.  
The fruit and the groundnuts are picked on the  
floor,

All's merry, all happy and bright,  
And boats ply fast past the old plantation shore  
With their flags waving all day and night.

REFRAIN:

Sleep no more, my lady,  
Oh, sleep no more today!  
We'll sing one song for the old plantation  
For the old Southern homes far away!

[Song of the Fourth Brigade—The Gulf States: Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, To the tune of "Dixie Land":

Here we come from the land of cotton,  
Where old times are not forgotten.  
Look away! Look away! Look away!  
In Dixie Land there's cane and rice, sir,  
Molasses, nuts and all things nice, sir.

Look away! Look away! Look away!

CHORUS:

Don't you wish you lived in Dixie?  
Hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixie Land come take your stand,  
To live and die in Dixie.  
Away, away!  
Away down South in Dixie,  
Away, away!  
Away down South in Dixie.

Fine shingles come from our old swamp tracts,  
Many a cypress knows our great axe.  
Look away! Look away! Look away!  
In Dixie Land our folks grow fatter  
On buckwheat cakes and In'un batter.  
Look away! Look away! Look away!

[Song of Fifth Brigade—Mississippi Basin States, Southern Section: Kentucky, Tennessee, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota, To the tune of "Sweetwater River":

All up and down the Mississippi,  
You'll find our States;  
We're in the river's fertile basin  
And all the people states.  
All the world seems sad and dreary  
When we're far from home.

Here's rest and peace for all a-weary,  
Here is the settler's home.

Fine cattle roam across the blue grass,  
Cotton, hemp and flax abounding,  
Home of the peach and plum,  
Luscious fruits and dairy products,  
Flour and canned meat,  
Leather goods and manufactures  
Help make our list complete.

[Gros Section, To the tune of "Comin' Thro' the Rye":

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' thro' the rye,  
'Gin a body hall a body,  
Need a body cry?  
We have grains of all descriptions,  
Barley, wheat and rye.

They're our wealth, our health, our glory,  
And so we laugh, not cry.

We have corn, and we have buckwheat,  
Cereals and rye;  
We have acres of wheat growing in the fields,  
Finest you can buy!  
So we gladly hall a body  
Comin' thro' the rye,

Point unto our golden grainlands,  
Comin' thro' the rye!

[Song of the Sixth Brigade—The Plateau States, Indian Section: Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah and Idaho, To the tune of "Juanita":

Soft o'er the mountain,  
Linger, shines the hunter's moon,  
While, near the fountain,  
Weavers ply their loom.

CHORUS:

Weave, weave; weave and mould  
With the Indian's simple art!  
Weave, weave; weave and mould  
When the tribes depart.

When, near our teepees,  
We our bows and arrows make,  
We hear the tree breeze  
Through the woods and brake.

Moccasins and bead charms  
Defy these we bind and string,  
Far from the warpath's harm  
While we croon and sing.

[Mining, Ranch and Fruit Section. To the tune of "The Paradeole in 'Oliverette':

We're Forty-niners,  
We're Western miners!  
Gold, silver, lead  
And copper's ahead,  
In the Plateau States  
Where good fortune waits!

[Finish each stanza by repeating its first four lines, starting the repeat with "Oh!":

We're cowboys jolly!  
With work and folly  
We ride and roam  
Over the range of home,  
In the Plateau States  
Where good fortune waits!

We're farmers plucky,  
We're workers lucky!  
Alpaca's ours,  
And fruits and flowers  
In the Plateau States  
Where good fortune waits!

[Repeat, etc.

[Song of the Seventh Brigade—Pacific Coast States: Washington, Oregon and California, To the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic":

Our eyes have seen the dawning of a land of  
wealth and joy,  
A land where gold is plentiful, bright gold without alloy,  
A land of harvests golden which full many hands  
employ  
Where Plenty's marching on.

CHORUS (with spirit):

Westward still the men are coming,  
Westward where the homelands grow;  
Westward hives with work are humming,  
It's Westward, Westward ho!

The precious metal's pouring from a hundred  
mining camps,  
The mellow fruit abundant a great day of  
promise stamps;

Here's elbow-room for every one, and naught  
constrains or cramps  
Where Plenty's marching on.

CHORUS:

Westward still the men are coming,  
Westward where the big trees grow;  
Westward toil with fruits is humming,  
It's Westward, Westward ho!

[Song of the Eighth Brigade—The Dependencies of the United States: Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, To the tune of "Yankee Doodle":

Uncle Sam went out to hunt,  
A-riding on his pony;  
He stuck a trophy in his hat,  
And called it macaroni.  
Pork and beans, tropes,  
Alaska and Hawaii,  
All came to him in course of time  
And now he is their chum.

They bring him gifts of fish and seal,  
Of many million salmon,  
Of sugar, gold and cocoanuts,  
Dried fish and dried salmon;  
Choicest fruits and cabinet woods,  
And many things most handy,  
They bring unto our Uncle Sam,  
Our Yankee Doodle Dandy!

Now since they've come to Uncle Sam's  
They're happy all day long,  
They like to live in Yankee-land,  
And this is now their song:  
"Old Yankee Doodle is our man,  
Protecting us from harm,  
We'd rather die for Uncle Sam  
Than live in war's alarm."

CHORUS:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy  
He minds the music where he steps,  
And finds a partner handy.

[Final Chorus for all Brigades: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean":

## You Dressed This Way in 1884



From Godey's Lady's Book, May, 1884.

It looks strange to you now—but stranger still would seem the shoes the people wore then, if you could remember them. The making of shoes has greatly improved even within the last generation.

Underlying the whole gigantic industry of modern shoe manufacture is the Goodyear Welt System of Shoe Machinery, by which the art of shoe making has been wonderfully improved, and the cost of good shoes has been greatly reduced. Hand-sewed shoes that cost you parents and grandparents \$ to \$20 are now duplicated machinery, better made, sold to you for one-third the price, even though the labor and materials have advanced.

The Goodyear method duplicate the process of sewing shoes by a narrow strip of leather, sewed to the insole and upper, sewed to this welt, thus leaving outside, where they cannot

As the shoe salesman offers are GOODYEAR remember that no matt sold, or under what r

good Welt shoe for you

**GOODYEAR**  
WE

The United Shoe Machinery Co. is the largest manufacturer of shoes in the world. It is a corporation with a capital of \$10,000,000. It has factories in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. It has a large number of branches and agencies throughout the United States and Canada. It is the largest manufacturer of shoes in the world.

Detailed information regarding State nicknames, products, musical selections, etc., for the successful presentation of this entertainment will be sent upon request and receipt of stamped, addressed envelope by THE ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL